

175⁴
A P O E M,
Or, RURAL ENTERTAINMENT;

PARTICULARLY DESCRIPTIVE OF
THE MOST NOBLE THE
MARQUIS OF ABERCORN'S
COTTAGE, NEAR STRABANE;
OF
BARON'S COURT
THE SEAT OF HIS LORDSHIP:

THE
C A N A L
AND
TOWN of STRABANE.

WITH OTHER SELECT PIECES,
ROMANTIC AND ENTERTAINING.

BY JOHN SEARSON,
FORMERLY OF NEW-YORK MERCHANT. X
AND AUTHOR OF A POEM ON DOWN-HILL, THE SEAT OF
THE EARL OF BRISTOL, AND COAST OF MAGILLIGAN.

"Hence let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
"Where scarce a sun beam wanders thro' the gloom,
"And on the dark green grass, beside the brink
"Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
"Rolls o'er the rocky channell, lie at large,
"And sing the glories of the circling year."

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

*The Works of the LORD are great, sought out of them, that
have pleasure therein.*

PSALMS, III. V. 2.

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TO THE MOST NOBLE THE
MARQUIS OF ABERCORN.

MY LORD,

IT was from a friendly recommendation from my late worthy friend, the Rev. MR. JOSIAH MARSHALL, latterly Rector of Maghera, to JAMES HAMILTON Esq. of this Town, that first induced my visiting this place---and tho' I have not the honour of a personal acquaintance with your Lordship, (as the principal gentleman in these Parts, yet from the amiable character your Lordship bears) have presum'd the dedicating, this little descriptive Poem, to your patronage and protection; hoping for your Lordship's approbation, as doubtless your Lordship is an encourager of Literature, even of the Muses, and other Sciences;---and tho' this Rural description may not bear the severity of Criticism; yet I can truly assert, it is well meant to please, every class of Readers.

It was a series of misfortunes in trade, in America, in the beginning of the late war there, that occasioned my losing large sums in outstanding debts, with other misfortunes of an afflictive nature, reduced me from an opulent Merchant to
confin'd

confina'd circumstances in this my native country;
and 'tis to your Lordship's humane breast, and gentlemen of opulence alone I can look for aid, or humane benevolence, and the most lively gratitude will not be wanting. May long life and a series of happiness, ever await your Lordship, is the fervent prayer of

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most devoted,

And most obedient,

Humble Servant,

Strabane, 1795.

JOHN SEARSON.

P R E F A C E.

HAVING a rural, and poetic turn from my youth.—And on visiting STRABANE, and finding it furrounded with the beauty's of nature, as also dining in company with some decent inhabitants near the Marquis of Abercorn's Cottage in Glenwood on the first day of July 1795, in commemoration of the battle of the Boyne in 1690 (an usual practice here) first induced my inclination to compose a Poem on the beauties of these rural scenes, which I hope, (nay flatter myself) will be pleasing to the reader, and is the end I aim at.

*For pleasure of the mind we should pursue,
In reading, studying, and in all we do.*

Annana Maria Young. -

DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

*A glittering robe of joy,
Invests the fields, and nature's smiles reviv'd."*

THOMPSON'S SEASONS.

ROMANTICK scenes, here strike my wond'ring
eye,

And still as I walk on, with wonder spy,
How beaut'ous is this calm retirement,
From anxious care, and brooding discontent,
The pond'rous rocks, which here surround the place
And rural verdure still before my face,
The ivy turning round about each tree,
And rural shades, that most delightful be.

THE COTTAGE so recluse and wond'rous fine,
My Lord no doubt with friends sometime here
dine, 10
In this most pleasing, sweet retired spot,
The birds harmonious, too, delight this grot;

B

I've

I've din'd with friends in this sweet rural scene,
 The Heav'ns our house, our table was the green,*
 Whilst mirth and joy diffus'd around that day, 15
 Dancing and music help'd to make us gay.
 O, friendship dear, the source of ev'ry joy,
 We on thy principles can e'er rely,
 When cross'd with trouble, and with anxious care,
 Into my heart I'll look.---To God repair. 20
 And when retir'd will walk such lovely shade,
 Since anxious thoughts, are here so easy made.
 O, sweet retirement, in yon dear GLEN,
 Must be great comfort to perplexed men,
 This COTTAGE is recluse from strife and noise, 25
 It's beauty's every stranger must surprize;
 I've read of Isrælites in th' wilderness,
 Was led by hand of God in their distress,
 Sure none's alone ev'n in retirement,
 For one pervades our steps; let's be content: 30
 In study, I would choose this COTTAGE neat,
 My thoughts compos'd here, I would compleat.
SEE

* Having no house to accommodate the gentlemen who din'd
 here this day, we made an open field answer this end: and having
 no table, made the green grass answer this purpose, an *Irish Piper*
 was our music, salmon roasted in the field our chief food, mirth,
 festivity and friendship clos'd the scene.

SEE yon stupendous rocks, and water-fall,
 Pour down that mountain, sloping hill and all,
 Cascades in winter here must much surprize, 35
 When dreary winter darkens all the skies;
 The tuneful birds with all their chearful notes,
 Have now no song the hills are cloath'd with goats.
 The seasons roll and bring about the year,
 The city swarms with folks from far and near; 40
 So now the pleasant grot and verdant bow'r,
 Delight no more in winters dreary hour:
 How happy is the man from care and strife,
 Who lives retir'd, a pleasant country life.
 The COTTAGE then will be a little Heav'n, 45
 When we enjoy in peace the good that's given,
 From earth to Heav'n we'll look up to our God,
 He'll be our great resource and chiefest good.
 Ye sylvian shades how happy should I be,
 Could I be near your beauty still to see, 50
 Your present blooming trees and shading green,
 That to the traveller may e'er be seen,
 Ye pleasing walks and every shady bow'r,
 I'll view your sweets in this my morning hour,
 And pleasure take in this green rural GLEN, 55 }
 When far I'm from the tyranny of men;
 I would some Angel may be near me then.

For

For that's a Heav'n be we where we will,
 If innocence, but guards us from all ill ;
 O, may this COTTAGE, and the GLEN also, 60
 E'er find me innocent, where e'er I go ;
 Then, will I range the flow'ry walks and groves,
 And taste the sweets that virtue only knows---
 My Lord in this retreat, must pleasure take,
 From courts and cities seek this dear retreat ; 65
 Here spend with friends, the social hour
 Passing the friendly glass, in this sweet bow'r,
 For life itself is but a shadow here,
 Therefore with joy, we'll pass this present year ;
 To-morrow may bring forth some wond'rous tale, 70
 For who can future things to us reveal.---

CASCADES and waterfalls delight the mind,
 And rural scenes more pleasing in their kind,
 See lofty mountains here, and green shades there,
 That in themselves are beautiful and rare ; 75
 Even Phillis here may find retir'd good,
 Nor be alone in yonder thickest wood,
 The God's pervades our paths where e'er we go,
 And guard our steps from ev'ry evil foe ;
 So tho' in COTTAGE or in yonder GLEN, 80
 We'll be secure tho' from the sight of men,
 Were

Were ne'er the less, in his all-seeing eye,
 Whether we walk, or sit, or down do lie;
 This GLEN is ever pleasing to one's sight,
 Also the COTTAGE doth the heart delight, 85
 I'll often meditate and search my heart,
 And with all vanity and guilt will part,
 Will pass some hours in innocence away,
 Then balmy sleep, will end a pleasant day.
 But ere I close mine eyes I think I hear, 90
 Yon water-fall, that seems the COTTAGE near,
 Its murmuring noise, wake ev'ry lively sense,
 Compose my thoughts, and troubles recompense
 I check my steps, and view the broken scene,
 In one impetuous torrent down the green, 95
 It thund'ring shoots, and shakes the place around,
 By rapid torrents strikes the mighty ground,
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends below,
 A hoary mist, and dashing floods also.---
 How still, how calm the wide expanse how bright, 100
 The spangled starry sky doth us delight;
 On the sounding Atmosphere, I shiver,
 Yet praise, adore th' Omnipotent ever,
 And lift my soul to yonder starry frame,
 By solemn thought, will strive some good to gain. 105
 The rooms for sleep, are here so wond'rous fine,
 The COTTAGE, so retir'd, delights the time,

In solemn silence in the midnight hour,
 Dear balmy sleep, refreshes in this bow'r, 110
 Such are the changing scenes of our short life;
 Sometimes in joy, sometimes in chequer'd strife;
 But in th' sweet GLEN, or bow'r pass away,
 In dear retirement, a joyous day.
 The COTTAGE in this sweet, retired shade, 115
 Is pleasing to repose, and lovely made;
 The GLEN most pleasing to the human mind,
 For true romantick scenes you here will find:
 One's never tir'd in pleasing shady groves,
 For contemplation does the mind compose. 120

I heard the black-bird and the thrush to day,
 Hymn their melodious notes, and seem'd so gay,
 Who tun'd their voices thus to sing,
 'Twas sure their great Creator, and their King,
 Such harmony is pleasing to the mind, 125
 And all the ruder passions will refine;
 'Tis love the cement of our brightest days,
 Will raise melodious harmony, to lays.

PHILLIS appears, and brights the rural grove
 O view her mein and walk, how straight she goes, 130
 The graces e'er attend her, and so bright,
 She makes ev'n savage breasts in her delight?

Could

Could we but have, sweet virtue, and content,
 Such rural shades, would make us merriment;
 Two souls like one, in rural shades should meet, 135
 'Tis this would make the GLEN retirement sweet:
 I'd pass some time in love, with Phillis here,
 Forget my troubles, and my anxious care.
 'Tis love that crowns our happiest days with joy,
 Brings nights of peace, when calmly down we lie: 140
 O, may my days, glide o'er this fleeting scene,
 In harmony and love, still to be seen,
 Then will my days, and nights glide soft away,
 Since all our life, is but a troubled day.

WALKING thro' the GLEN, at distance view. 145
 The improving work, of late, to you I shew,
 'Tis the CANAL, of use to trade, so bright,
 That every viewer must in it delight,
 See sloops, and boats e'er long come up this way,
 And bring much merchandize to our new quay, 150
 Bid merchants flourish in th' town of STRABANE,
 Which is surrounded with a pleasant lawn,
 Methinks, I view the trade of this town grown
 To riches, wealth and fame, they'll call their own;
 'Tis pleasing seeing trade come to our quay, 155
 Which makes us rich, takes our produce away.

How

How good the personage, how great the man,
 Who first brought navigation to our land,
 Our country to perfection will arrive,
 And ev'ry trading man to wealth will thrive; 160
 When frugal industry is made our guide,
 We'll use great honesty, in Heav'n confide,
 No trade, so good, as what is gain'd by truth,
 It makes old age, as happy as our youth;
 The CANAL employs, our industrious poor, 165
 And keeps distress far from the labour's door,
 Nothing more pleasing, than industrious good,
 It cloathes the naked, gives the hungry food,
 Such CANALS may yet spread thro' the nation
 As greatly will encrease our navigation, 170
 And much enrich our land, in food and wealth,
 Give comfort also in our days---and health.

I turn mine eyes, and peep at STRABANE TOWN,
 A place of trade, and now of much renown;
 The people happy and the town compleat, 175
 Their market-house, is here so very neat,
 The people too, is very fine and clean,
 To strangers, they are striking to be seen,
 Kind providence, dwells here with honest men,
 Gives happy days, and peace in latter end. 18.

The

Their Bridge and Town, is so compleat and neat,
 So is their Square, which here is so compleat;
 How solemn is their Church, and place of pray'r,
 Induces the devout there to repair,
 The River here is pleasing to behold, 185
 It's rapid stream delightful is and bold;
 The Angler here diverts himself with trout,
 And to his pleasure adds, good food thereout.

To BARONS-COURT I took a morning tour,
 And found the pleasure of a rural hour, 190
 The swans were swimming in this beaut'ous lake
 How pleasing this retired walk to take,
 See, near to this, there is a castle high,
 And midst the lake, a pleasing isle is by,
 I'm told it's call'd the island of Macue, 195
 Which here's romantick, give it but it's due.
 Look farther, and behold the park with deer,
 It's beaut'ous green, and harts without a fear,
 I've seen this noble creature play about,
 Which to behold, most pleasing is no doubt, 200
 How pleasant 'tis, the lovely lawn to walk,
 And of the charming green, and deer to talk:
 Look farther, and behold at distance tell,
 The smiling looks of Mountain---Betsy Bell,

See

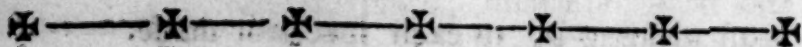
See when it's cover'd with a fog, you'd say, 205
 The weather's chang'd; 'twill be rain to day;
 How many cattle browsing on this hill,
 Who please the eye, and owner's pocket fill.
 I view amidst the groves and planting here,
 The Barons-court castle, superb and rare, 210
 The rooms are spacious, and the hall so grand,
 Magnificence, in all around you stand,,
 It leads one's thoughts, to yonder Heav'n above,
 Where dwells eternal happiness and love;
 Here numbers of reduced men and boys, 215
 His Lordship's bounty constantly employs.
 The Marchioness, is so humane and good,
 She cloathes the naked, gives the hung'ry food,
 The spacious fields, are cover'd with young trees,
 Which ev'ry stranger must admire that sees, 220
 My Lord delights so much in planting groves,
 That ages yet to come, may there repose;
 How pleasing 'tis this beaut'ous scene to see,
 And pass a social hour from tree to tree.--
 I took a walk straightway thro' Cloonty-wood, 225
 Which many ages here, have firmly stood,
 Along the water edge, it pleases high,
 As from this walk, the superb-castle spy.
 Indeed this feat, is like Elysian ground,
 It's prospect ever pleasing all around,

Romantick

Romantick prospect and the rural shade,
 Most pleasing is, to each spectator made.
 Methinks it brings a thought into my mind
 That natures beauties tho' their very fine,
 Yet only shadows are, of Heav'nly ground, 235
 Where happiness complete are to be found,
 With rapture of this rural shade, I tell,
 On all it's grandeur I could ever dwell,
 It's beaut'ous view, is owing to my Lord,
 Whose mind in rural scenes, delight afford.

For loyalty, my Lord is now well known, 240
 His country's cause, he looks at as his own,
 The royal regiment of seven-hundred men
 Is warlike to behold, most pleasing then.
 Go on my Lord, may Heav'n protect you still, 245
 For honor to your country you will fill;
 In arms or peace, your Lordship still will shine
 In senate, or retir'd—not decline.
 O, may kind Heav'n your Lordship's guard be made
 A tow'r strong, an ever hiding shade. 250
 So may the poet, ev'n far away,
 Hear of your Lordship's health and glorious day,
 Alas! must I adieu, this place so dear,
 Farewell, ye rural shades, for this same year,

A THOUGHT



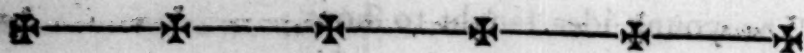
A

THOUGHT ON IRELAND.

IRÉLAND surrounded by her foes,
 In arms and courage must repose,
 Both wealth and honor still will gain,
 For many thousand's in her train;
 It is an Island growing to wealth,
 With plenty now abounds—and health,
 Brave are her soldiers when abroad
 In hist'rys page, is on record.
 Her seamen too is noted well,
 The English fleet, this truth can tell,
 Tho' some disloyal has been found,
 In ev'ry nation wears a crown:
 Yet such ('tis hop'd) their error find,
 And be to loyalty inclined,
 The Charter-Schools, must do much good,
 The youth are cloath'd, and have their food,
 Thus education here do shine,
 That better part improv'd the mind,

The

The young idea taught to shoot,
 And bring instruction from this root,
 May learning flourish in our day,
 And thus drive ignorance away.
 O, may propitious days be seen,
 Smile on our woods, and on our green,
 So may our blessings e'er abound,
 On our arms, and on our ground,
 Drive all distress from us away,
 And we have plenty in our day.
 So shall the sons of Patrick shine,
 And in no glory be behind.
 The great the noble go before,
 The poor their virtue will adore,
 And spread example thro' the land,
 That all may join it in a band;
 Thus rich and poor have cause to say
 'Tis Heav'n that drives distress away.
 Thus shall good Ireland ever shine
 In peace and plenty all divine;
 Most glorious GOD that rules above,
 Grant us great plenty, peace and love.



AN ACROSTIC.

CERTAIN 'tis, there is great men,
 And such to foreign parts we send,
 Persuaded of their wond'rous parts,
 To save their country by their arts,
 And is in war, safe and expert,
 In such their country will exert;
 Nor e'er from them will they depart.

GLOR'OUS actions by you've been done,
 England's glory, by such are won;
 O may you prosper, in the field,
 Rebell's to your sword must yield;
 Gen'rous too, and to soldiers kind,
 Enough, their gratitude to bind.

VALOR and brav'ry will gain,
 And shield the breast, from anxious pain,
 Let royal Tyrone have glory,
 Let their Regiment shine in story;
 And surely, where great actions done,
 None will deny the glory won,
 Command brave men, all will obey;
 Ev'n foes this truth, cannot gainsay,
 Your virtues praise you ev'ry day.

THE

THE
BENEFICENT MAN;
COMPOS'D BY THE AUTHOR SOME YEARS AGO,
IN THE
CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.
BUT NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

Who went about doing Good.

ACTS. 10. V. 38

THE wife, the just, the pious grave,
The virtuous good, and many brave;
Beneficence their greatest joy,
Which death itself cannot destroy.
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
And strictly just to all mankind,
This will solace the soul in Heav'n,
'Tis only to the virtuous giv'n.

WHEN death and sickness me invade,
And I must try the dreary shade;
Let this my God support me still,
I e'er was glad to do thy will.—

The

The stranger I have e'er receiv'd,
 The poor by me, has been reliev'd.
 The sick forlorn, and helpless poor,
 Has ne'er gone empty from my door;
 'Tis those I visit in distress,
 The destitute and fatherless;
 The pris'ner too, shall have my food,
 And like my Lord love doing good.

THIS is the good man's way we know,
 Yet tho' he's good, he thinks not so,
 He knows himself unworthy still,
 Yet joys to do his master's will,
 Thro' Christ, he life will inherit,
 For Heav'ns a gift, for Jesus's merit;
 How bless'd they are who from this root,
 Are ever bringing forth good fruit,
 They'r ever singing, as they shine,
 The hand that does this, is divine,
 In this they ever will rejoice,
 The doing good, from love, and choice,

ON THE NEGLECT OF
POOR RELATIONS.

The Poor is separated from his Neighbour.

PROV. 19. 7.

IN passing thro' the troubled maze of life,
We sometimes are in joy, sometimes in strife,
Sometimes we shine, with blessings compass'd round
Again no mark of comfort can be found;
Thus JOSEPH, sometimes in a cave is fold,
Again, you'll next the throne his face behold;
So strange our fortune, does our friends surprize,
When rich they know us, but when poor despise,
So strangely do we see the face of things,
Princes degraded, beggars reign as kings.
This day cast down, to-morrow I may shine,
Alas! then on my state do not repine.
I'll search the woods, and travel ev'ry field,
In hopes some comfort to my heart they'll yield,
Perhaps my friends with comfort may return,
Nor always cast me off, nor hear me mourn,
Love makes true friendship th' comfort of our life,
Will banish hatred, drive away all strife;
Ye friends in wealth, consider my estate,
And think I yet may have a better fate,
'Tis GOD, can make his face on us to shine,
For this we know, his ways are all divine.

DESCRIPTION

N

DESCRIPTION OF
STRABANE CHURCH, &c.

BEING a stranger in STRABANE, I took a walk to their established church, which is decent and commodious for a large congregation, and heard an excellent discourse this day, being 12th July, (Lord's day) delivered by a young clergyman, I was told of the name of H——n, from PRO. Ch. 27. V. 1. *"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."* The young gentleman who preached this forenoon, very pathetically and properly, brought many arguments and demonstrations to prove the truth of the above observation of the wisest of men.

INDEED there can be no doubt of the uncertainty of human affairs; that every age, people and person, constantly experience: alas! how quick is the transition of what the world call fortune, or rather providence divine!

HISTORY is full of relations of this sort, both of large empires, great and mighty states, and of particular persons.—The man who is to-day in the most superb affluence, to-morrow may be degraded, and

and come to want. And the man of fortune is proud, and (surprizing to tell) considereth not the instability of this uncertain abiding; and the man who may be to-day in sorrow and want, may to-morrow be in affluence and wealth. Such is the uncertainty of human affairs.—SELF-APPLICATION. Lord grant me an evenness in all dispensations, and an intire resignation to the will of our Father which art in Heav'n; so shall I ever praise thee, well knowing that if in "*All my ways I acknowledge thee, thou wilt direct my paths.*"—PRO. 3. 6,

Thus thro' the rural shades, and lovely bow'rs,
 I have amus'd myself, some pleasing hours
 And have to wish my readers time, for ease;
 As scenes romantick, will for ever please.
 Yet from these scenes, we'll lift our eyes on high,
 And view those orbs, that roll in yonder sky,
 Think of the day, when we must there appear,
 No scene terrestrial, have we there to fear,
 Our joys and sorrows, which affect the mind,
 No place in yon celestial sphere, can find,
 Let's then sometimes from rural shades, and groves
 Think of yon Heav'ns, where we will repose,
 There undisturb'd, by ev'ry foe and care,
 Meet our departed friends, wh'le happy there,

FINIS.

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